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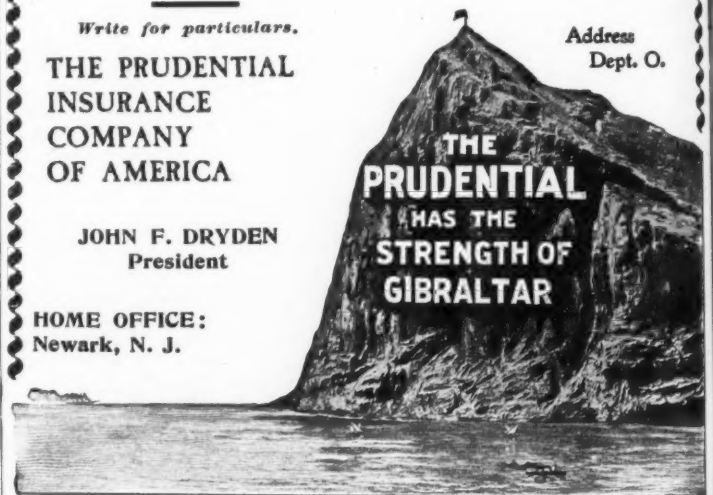
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# LIFE



## Sanctum Talks.

"GOOD MORNING,  
LIFE."

"Good morning, Weyler."

"My name isn't Weyler. It's Kitchener."

"Same thing, General. How are you progressing?"

"Not very well."

"It does seem a hard business, General, conquering these Boers. Still—"

"Isn't it? The beggars don't yield the way they should. Now with the Dervishes—"

"Ah, that was different. Those fanatic devils, all dressed in white, just spread themselves out before you like a flock of sheep."

"Precisely. All we had to do was to hammer away at them and slaughter them by the thousands."

"Yes, my dear General, that was

fun. You killed about twelve thousand in a day, didn't you? Besides, it gave you a reputation as a British soldier."

"I know it. And now these Boers—well, they are not adding anything to my prestige."

"Nonsense, General. You don't view the matter from the right standpoint."

"But how should I view it?"

"Well, in the first place, you are showing the usual British dogged persistence."

"True, but sometimes I wonder whether the whole beastly business isn't all wrong."

"Nonsense! You're getting sentimental."

"No, I'm not. But first we settled ourselves on these sharpshooters and drove them from pillar to post and laid our hands on everything in sight. And then—"

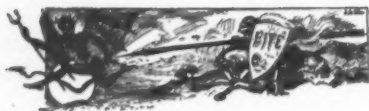
"And then?"

"Then we tried to exterminate them. While now London is mourning its dead, and I'm chasing De Wet—or he chases me."

"Well, General?"

"Why, instead of this sporadic plundering and burning in the Transvaal, I might be over in China really adding to my reputation. But I must be going."

"Well, good by, Lord Kitchener. Bad luck to you!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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CONGRESS left undone some things that it ought to have done, and also some things that it ought not to have. It left the President in charge of the national founding, and it offered terms to Cuba which, on the whole, seem to be pretty fair for the time being,

and which may be improved in the future. Here's hoping that Cuba may not reject them, but will make such use of the considerable measure of independence that has been offered her that she may show herself fit for more. She owes such freedom as she has got to the United States. She will owe to the United States whatever independence she enjoys in future, for, without American protection, she could not stand alone. That the United States should have some voice in her concerns is not unreasonable. It is inevitable and is recognized as inevitable by the Cubans who have drafted the Cuban Constitution. The question is just how much voice the United States shall have, and the Cuban amendment to the Army bill seems, on the whole, to constitute an important step towards that question's settlement. By the terms of it Cuba must agree by treaty not to make a treaty that will impair her independence, and not to incur so great a debt as to impair her independence. She must recognize the right of the United

States to intervene in case her Government cannot maintain itself and protect life and property. She must keep herself clean and not breed diseases; must ratify the acts of the American Military Government; must sell or lease coaling or naval stations to the United States, and leave the ownership of the Isle of Pines to be determined by treaty. The two last conditions are the most likely to make trouble. Heaven send that they may not, but that, with her own flag, her own Legislature, President, courts and local governments, Cuba may take hold of what is offered her and show what power she has to manage her own affairs.



NO such approach to a solution of difficulties has been made as yet in the Philippines. The present efforts to promote the prosperity and happiness of the Filipinos are to continue, with periodical reports to Congress, until a permanent government is established. An amendment proposed by Senator Hoar, and accepted, provides against sales of lands, timber or mines, or the granting of franchises for the present. That will prevent speculative persons from gutting the islands, and tend to save some of their reputed wealth for the use of the Filipinos. It seems a good provision, but Senator Hoar would not vote for the Philippine amendment to the Army bill even with this provision included.



WITH hands almost free in the Philippines, and with fairly good prospects of an harmonious adjustment of our relations with Cuba, President McKinley starts on his second term. He is, on the whole, a very popular man, and there are those who assert that he is one of the greatest Presidents our country has had. Undoubtedly he has strong points; undoubtedly he has had in the four years past to deal with problems and conditions of extraordinary difficulty. He has been extravagantly praised, and probably also he has been extravagantly censured and disparaged. He

has made many mistakes, but that was inevitable and will not count against him in the long run if his record as a whole is recognized as creditable. It is too soon yet to judge fairly of what he has done in the past, but it is neither too soon nor too late to hope that his present administration may be of a character to make his name honored by all Americans who love their country. It is not hard to believe that he will do his best, and is not an exhausting effort of faith to anticipate that his best will be good.

There is a great chance for a great President in this country in the next four years, and every patriot is bound to hope that Mr. McKinley is the man to improve it. His fellow-citizens who have criticised him, not less than those who have praised, and even flattered, him, will hope to see him come out strong and earn a place among the great men of American history.



IT may be that Mr. Evarts will be longest remembered for his jokes, but if he is his reputation will not suffer on that account, for they were good jokes. Of the one about a dollar going farther in those days, it may be rash to suggest that it may outlast Washington's farewell address, but, for the present at least, it seems as much respected as that historic document. To say that Mr. Evarts's law firm was stronger in jokes than any law firm known to history is a moderate presentation of fact. Mr. Choate's great and gallant reply to the question who he would rather be if not himself, is only one of hundreds of his meritorious responses, and the late Mr. Beaman had a felicity in rejoinder comparable to that of his distinguished partners.

It would be ill-parting with Mr. Evarts, if we did not know that this world ceased some years since to entertain him. The human side of him was always interesting. In several instances he did the country professional service of exceedingly high value; he was an eminent citizen, a good man and a great lawyer, but we liked him best for his jokes, which modified very acceptably the oppressive seriousness of existence.



TO BELINDA.

'TIS Lent, Belinda. Thou must hie  
To cloistered walls where shadows lie.  
And undisturbed in thy domain  
Plan all thy conquests o'er again!



THE interest in Colonial times, which has been fostered by a number of genealogical and mutual admiration societies is being well catered to by the publishers. Rufus Rockwell King, in *Rambles in Colonial Byways*, has combined the Colonial theme with the popular book of travels, and we venture to say that upon the entire Atlantic seaboard there is no stone which may once have sheltered a Colonial hero that Mr. King has left unturned. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

*Spanish Highways and Byways* is a pleasant record of leisurely wanderings in the land of the Dons. The author, Katherine Lee Bates, has a light touch and a sense of humor which save the volume from the tendency of books of travel to approximate the guide-book. (The Macmillan Company.)

The beautiful Russian heroine of questionable political tendencies and the young Englishman with the full backing of his embassy are familiar figures well handled by Max Pemberton in *The Footsteps of a Throne*. The book is light, entertaining and easily forgotten. (D. Appleton and Company.)

The four tales of the Civil War and Indian fighting told by General George A. Forsyth, under the title of *Thrilling Days in Army Life*, have the interest that attaches to



LOOK OUT, BOYS!

THE WEATHER MAN PROGNOSTICATES A CYCLONE FROM KANSAS.



"WAIT—MR. LION—DON'T DISTURB ME—I MAY CUT MYSELF."

personal experiences simply told by an eye-witness qualified to speak of them. (Harper and Brothers.)

Charles Battell Loomis has introduced a new kind of fairy tale in *Yankee Enchantments*, in which up-to-date, scientific absurdities take the place of the romantic imaginings of the old article. He seems to think that the stories will prove good reading to grown people, a point on which we beg to differ with him. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

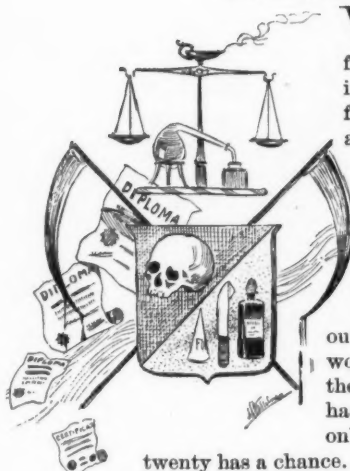
#### His Status.

HE: Look here, my dear. I cannot afford to entertain on such a scale as you have indulged in of late.

SHE: John, I really believe you are just the kind of a man who would be perfectly happy if you lived within your income.

SOME of Governor Odell's economies may be ill-judged. The work of the Prison Commission which he has induced the Legislature to abolish may not be so easily done by a single commissioner as he hopes. The State Board of Charities which he proposes to do without may be as indispensable as its friends think. Nevertheless, the Governor seems to be sincerely bent on giving the State the best government he can. His innovations are justly open to criticism, and ought to be carefully watched, but there is very little imputation of unworthy motives as the basis of his activity. Governors who work for the good of a machine usually like to multiply offices. Governor Odell is working for a reduction in the number of offices and a saving in salaries and expenses.

### Esculapius Up to Date.



WHEN Nature first began to rear up the destructive forces, so that man would not increase too rapidly upon the face of the earth, she found that, after all her planning, man had gotten the best of her, and would multiply more than was good for him. Doctors were then added, and since this happy thought we have done very well.

It is estimated that nineteen out of every twenty "cases" would recover naturally if left to themselves, but medical science has made such vast strides that only about one case in every

twenty has a chance.

There are various different kinds of doctors who prey upon human life, but they are easily classified.

The family doctor is perhaps the best known. His ignorance is not specialized, but extends to all parts of the human anatomy. He comes usually about four or five hours after he is needed, feels of your pulse, looks at your

tongue, probes your diaphragm for appendicitis, writes in a mortified language on a printed slip, and goes away, with the remark that you will be all right in a day or so, or that you may possibly live three months, as the case may be. If you are young and ignorant, you are either frightened to death, or suffused with a gentle glow of convalescence, in accordance with what you have been told. But if you are an old stager, you roll over in bed, call for a stiff drink of whiskey, throw the prescription out of the window, and sweat it out. A Family Doctor is nothing but a personified habit. You pay him to come and tell you there is no danger, and if he thinks there is, you drop him and move up one. You began at the foot of the class, and now you rush off and consult a specialist.

A Specialist is a man who lives in town, either on the first floor of a smart apartment house, or in a home of his own. When he lives in an apartment house you pay him fifteen dollars to shake hands with him, but when he lives in his own home you place a first mortgage on all the property in your wife's name. As you enter his office you see a china closet full of glittering instruments, which you immediately begin to feel entering your system at various points. Your eye lights then upon a nickel-plated fountain of running water, which you surmise is to wash away all evidences of the crime. You feel at once that you are in no condition to cope with this array of science. You are



OUR STRENUOUS THEODORE.

"THE SENATE WILL COME TO ORDER."

all run down anyway, and a brave man would quake. But summoning up what little courage is left, you tell him what the other doctors have thought was the matter with you, and he shakes his head dubiously. Then he raises his hand warningly, and tells you to desist. He doesn't want to know what the other doctors thought.

Why should anyone with such a fund of ignorance in himself wish to have it encroached upon? You don't make this remark to yourself then, but you do about six months later.

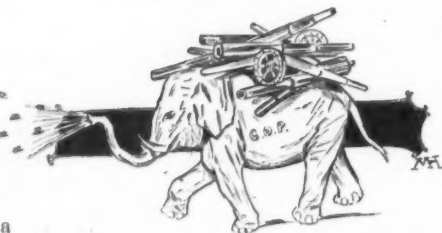
You are requested to disrobe. You do so, feeling pale all over and hoping he may not notice it, and he pounds you gently with a hammer, peeks in between your ribs, listens at the door of your heart for murmurs, and flashes a dark lantern through your alimentary canal. By this time you are frightened to death. You feel that all hope is lost. You see a long funeral procession winding its slow way along. You are playing the leading part in it. You can feel the lavender satin, and that awful stillness, like a reunion of the Metropolitan Club. It is all over. After all, what difference does it make? Suddenly you awake from your vision, and your friend, the Specialist, taps you on the shoulder and says that if you will stop smoking, drinking, sitting up late nights, leave your business, and come and live in his office for six months or a year and give him all you've got, there is a faint chance that you may get well. And if you don't? Well, there is that three months' limit.

You leave him cordially and tell him you will let him know. Then you go to some dark corner and figure out on the back of an old envelope just how much it will cost, with the three months staring you in the face. There is that funeral procession again. Never mind. A short life and a merry one. You resolve to die.

Six months later, as you meet your friend, the Specialist, on the avenue unexpectedly, and bow pleasantly, you feel a secret sense of shame to think that he has caught you alive.

Tom Masson.

### Our Foreign Policy.



THE PRESIDENT (advancing to the footlights from the center of a chorus of Cabinet Ministers and Senators):

"When we told them we'd make them a nation  
And free them in time,—  
That we looked upon forced annexation  
As aggression and crime,—  
When we lured them by every assurance  
To fight by our side,  
And flattered their pluck and endurance,  
The fact is——"

CHORUS (smiling):

"Why, the fact is, we lied!"

THE PRESIDENT:

"Now we're one of the great Lying Powers.  
In the days of our youth,  
When struggle and weakness were ours,  
Then we dabbled in truth.  
But when we grew big like the others,  
And, strong in our pride,  
Gave our word to our weak island-brothers,  
The fact is——"

CHORUS (chuckling):

"Why, the fact is, we lied!"

THE PRESIDENT:

"We have joined the great circle of robbers.  
It was long, long ago  
That we criticised grabbers and jobbers  
And were honest and slow.  
Now we're laughing from Maine down to Texas  
At the idiots who cried,  
'But you promised us not to annex us!'  
For the fact is——"

CHORUS (laughing):

"The fact is, we lied!"

THE PRESIDENT:

"Thus the Tsar swore to Riga and Finland  
With a lie for an oath,  
And then from the coast away inland  
He trampled on both.  
Thus the nobles who govern Great Britain  
Told lies on the Nile,  
And cancelled the pledge they had written  
In falsehood and guile.

"And we, are we less than the British  
Whose word is so glib?

He must be uncommonly skittish  
Who shies at a fib!

Shall we yield to the masterful Russian  
As he perjures his name?

It is hardly a thing for discussion;—  
We must play the same game.

"Thank the Lord, we are not sentimental!  
It is dollars and trade

That govern the soul governmental;—  
That's the way we are made.

If we praise up the old Declaration  
On the Fourth of July,  
And man's equal rights by creation,  
The fact is——"

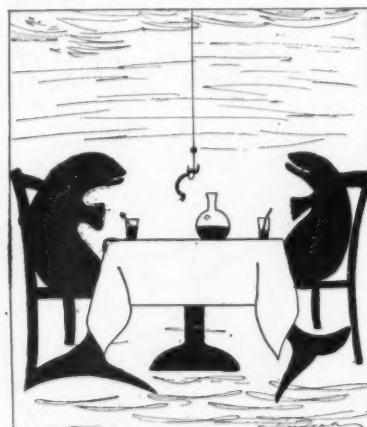
ALL TOGETHER (winking):

"Why, the fact is, we lie!"

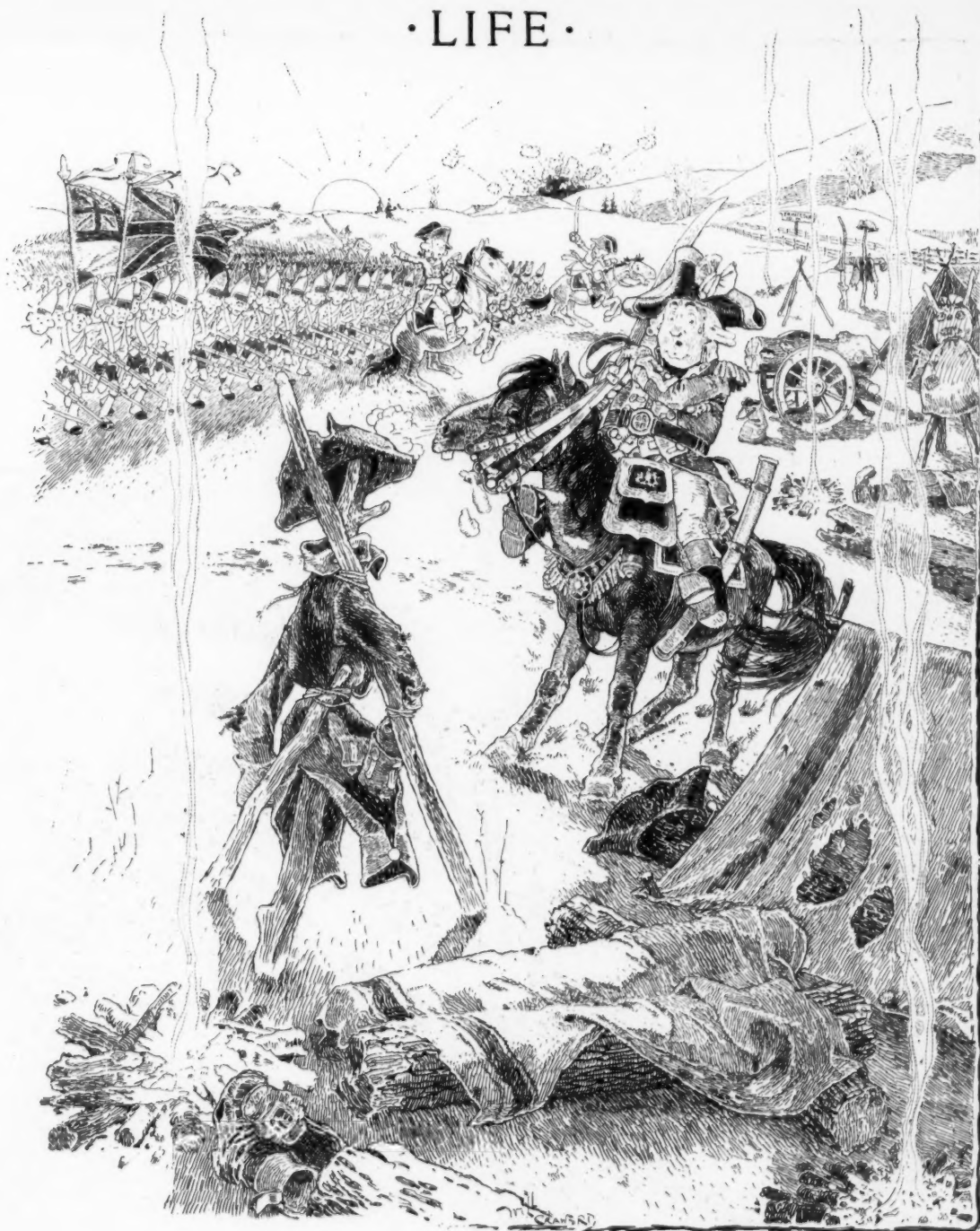
Ernest Crosby.

### A New Outbreak.

IT is to be hoped that the coming Bacteriological Congress will take under consideration the subject of literary microbes. The field is unexplored, and fame awaits the successful specialist. We are too often slow to recognize new dangers. The first victim of the mumps was doubtless thought by his neighbors to be putting on flesh, and it was only when he began to laugh at his thinner brethren that he discovered the joke was on himself. So when Stanley Weyman developed symptoms of Historical Romance he was quite pleased, and his literary friends, instead of establishing a quarantine, patted him on the back and asked him how he did it. We all know the result. It is with the hope that were the subject scientifically investigated it might be possible to check a new disorder



The Host: TOO BAD THAT FISHERMAN HASN'T TWO HOOKS. IT'S SO DISAGREEABLE TO WAIT SO LONG BETWEEN COURSES.



HISTORIC BITS.

TOO LATE.

RESULT OF CORNWALLIS'S DECISION TO DEFER HIS ATTACK UNTIL MORNING ON "THAT FOX WASHINGTON."

that we make the above suggestion. We refer to the Book of Travels. We have called attention to some nine cases in the past three months and chronicle three new ones in the present issue. An effective serum, supplied in good season, might save much future trouble.

Out of Their Class.

**MANHATTAN:** They are only amateur actors, are they not?

**BROADWAY:** Yes, but they are jealous enough of one another to be professionals.

**SHE:** The opera was a bore—positively *no* one there of interest.

**HE:** How about the de Reszkes and Melba?

"How silly of you. I meant to say there were no *prominent* people there!"



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A WIDOW AND HER  
XIX.  
THEY TAKE A MORNING



OW AND HER FRIENDS.  
XIX.  
Y TAKE A MORNING RUN.



### What Goeth on the Stage at Present.



"IT is to laugh" is now classical slang, and its originator, Mr. Louis Mann, has become a full-fledged star in a sketchy sort of play built around his funny German dialect by Leo Ditrichstein. The piece is entitled "All on Account of Eliza," and is the merest trifle, but it gives Mr. Mann several chances to make his auditors laugh. It also introduces pretty Clara Lipman as a co-star. Mr. Mann has refined his dialect almost to the point where it is not understandable. This obscures a good deal of what he means to convey, but the entertainment is fairly laughable. Persons who object to Shakespeare's plays on the ground that they are too heavy will find it impossible to make the same criticism on "All on Account of Eliza."



THE dramatized novel is fast becoming a deadly nightmare. If you have read the book, you go to see a distorted version of it from which the literary quality has been thoroughly disinfected, and which shatters all the ideals of the characters you may have conceived. If you have not read the book, you find, as a rule, simply a bad play in which so much of the plot is taken for granted that you find yourself guessing what it is all about.

The mad passion for putting novels on the stage is simply another illustration of the slavery to precedent that controls the theatrical business as it is now conducted. Ickleheimer made money out of a dramatized book, so Rosenbaum, Wanserpulver, Stinklestein and all the rest of the associated geniuses who control dramatic art in America hire journeyman carpenters to put books that have sold well into shape to fit the plush furniture of their respective stages. When this tendency first manifested itself LIFE welcomed it as giving promise of better literary quality on the stage. Done properly, this hope might have been realized; but done as it is, without regard to a book's dramatic possibilities, without any of the literary spirit, and by persons who are neither dramatists nor writers, the result is only a batch of bad plays which gain patronage simply because the public is familiar with their titles.

The dramatization of "To Have and To Hold" is a lurid example of the vice in its worst form. The book itself is an ephemeral production and possesses none of the qualities that make for long life. At best a play founded on it would have to be a mere epitome of its long and complicated plot. Skilfully condensed, this outline might have made a continuous story. Done as it is,

stilted speeches take up time that might better have been occupied in action to unfold the narrative. There are gaps and jumps and omissions, which must make the play a sort of missing-link contest to the spectator who has never read the book. At times the piece is conventional and almost dreary; at others it becomes ridiculous, and one or two of its serious scenes excite the audience to laughter. The Indian, *Nantauquas*, who was really made very picturesque in appearance by Mr. Broderick, only served, at the first representation of the play in New York, to call out from the gallery war-whoops such as greet Buffalo Bill's Indians when they attack the Wild West mail coach.

In the cast, the greatest success—next to the Indian's, of course—was the *Jeremy Sparrow* of Mr. Charles Walcott. Mr. Walcott is one of the few survivors of a school of actors which has practically disappeared from our stage, and his impersonation of the eccentric parson was about the only recognizable character from the book. Mr. Robert Lorraine, who played *Ralph Percy*, the hero, is a recent importation from England. He is comely in person but lacks magnetism, is ungraceful and has a great deal to learn about acting. The scenery and costumes were the best things in the production.

If the failure of "To Have and To Hold" shall call a halt on the wholesale staging of popular books, irrespective of their literary merits and stage possibilities, the production will not have been entirely without value.

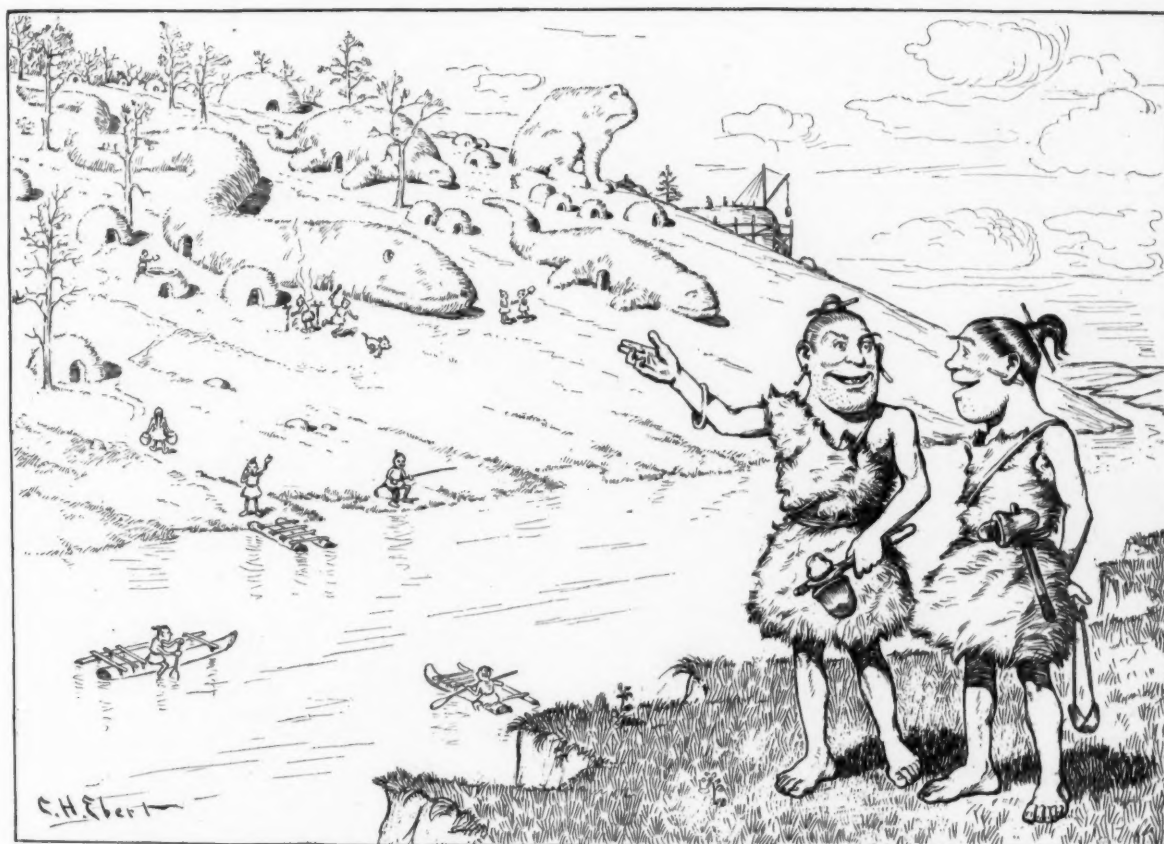


CLEVER and tuneful "San Toy" is back at Daly's and seems destined to run well into the summer. The cast is the same as at first, with the exception of graceful and dainty Minnie Ashley, who has made *Rhoda* and her pagoda, where she sold a variety of comestibles, including soda, familiar to all New York. Miss Ashley—whose picture is shown herewith—has undergone a serious operation for an affection of the eyes, but is on the road to recovery and will shortly rejoin the cast.

Metcalfe.

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

- Republic*.—Dramatization of Marion Crawford's "In the Palace of the King." Moderately interesting.
- Garden*.—Dramatization of Ouida's "Under Two Flags." Well-produced melodrama. Worth seeing.
- Lyceum*.—"The Lash of a Whip." Stereotyped French farce. Funny at times.
- Daly's*.—James T. Powers and Company in "San Toy." Bright and musical.
- Empire*.—"Mrs. Dane's Defence." Well-written play, dealing with a woman's misdeeds.
- Garrick*.—Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Reminiscent and funny.
- Wallack's*.—Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in "All on Account of Eliza." See above.
- Bijou*.—"The Climbers." Well acted and interesting.
- Weber and Fields's*.—Burlesque at bull-market prices of admission.
- Victoria*.—"My Lady." Rather stupid burlesque of "The Three Musketeers." The beauty of the chorus young women is the redeeming feature.
- Criterion*.—Dramatization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Julia Marlowe as *Mary Tudor* is the main attraction.
- Academy of Music*.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" on a gigantic scale and with a talented cast.
- Herald Square*.—"The Girl From Up There" is hanging on by main force.



*Mound Builder:* A FEW YEARS AGO THIS PLACE WAS A DESOLATE WILDERNESS. NOW WE HAVE A CITY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS TO MARVEL AT.

### A Household Hint.

SHE practices, my jealous wife,  
A cruelty refined;  
A sorcery by which she keeps  
Me exiled from my kind.  
If, evenings, I attend the club,  
My fellow-men will flee;  
If at a soirée I appear,  
No girl will sit by me.  
I pray, but to her face so mild—  
Of look—it only calls  
A siren smile. She keeps my clothes  
Done up in naphtha-balls.

### The Leipzig Philharmonic.

**S**OMETHING new under the sun!—in America—the appearance of the much-heralded Leipzig Philharmonic Orchestra. Headed by its leader, Herr Hans Winderstein, it made its first bow to an American audience on March 1st at Carnegie Hall. We wish der Herr and his musicians a hearty welcome to our country at large, although we do not see the need of

this imported organization among us in our larger musical cities. For there we have already well-established orchestras and conductors, who minister to the needs of the symphony-loving contingent of its citizens in a more efficient way than the newcomer and his band. But in cities less favored than Boston, Chicago, New York and Pittsburgh, the organization should be a welcome guest.

We were taught nothing new, worth knowing, in the reading of a familiar program at this inaugural concert. Herr Winderstein, however, is a good, a more than ordinary conductor, firm, fiery, without mannerism, and perfectly at home on the stand. On the whole, he held his forces well under control. We forgive and forget an unevenness here and there, perhaps occasioned by the still conscious feeling of a rolling steamer. For these musicians had only been on *terra firma* forty-eight hours when they stepped out on the platform. Besides, climatic changes may have given the grip to some of the wind instruments, for they have not been any longer than their

masters in this country, and have not had time to get acclimatized. It was pleasing to see the conductor render the Beethoven Fifth Symphony and the Wagner selections without consulting a score—not an easy task for a memory, especially when dealing with Wagner. However, such things have been done before. But it gives an excellent impression, if nothing else. His best efforts were the above-named symphony and the Tannhauser overture. Its broad, lofty and vigorous interpretation produced spontaneous enthusiasm among the audience.

If this orchestra has come here to teach us what orchestra playing really is, it has failed in its mission at the start—if it has come over to make money, we wish it good luck from start to finish.

*Monsecret.*

**BINGO:** Bobbie, have you been fighting again with that little boy next door?

**BOBBIE:** No, sir. It's the same old fight.



NO real statesman has yet been admitted to LIFE's Hall of Fame, although Teddy Roosevelt and Major McKinley are both members. A statesman has been needed for some time, to lend tone to the establishment and bring it down to its proper level. It is hard work, of course, to find a real good statesman of the right type. The one who applied this week, however, is believed to fill every requirement. He has all the qualities of a statesman, for he has been playing goatherd to the New York State Legislature so long that statesmanship is second nature to him. The following examination speaks for itself:

EXHIBIT K. T. C. PLATT.

"Mr. Platt, you can speak freely, as your evidence will not be counted against you. What is your occupation?"

"I am a manufacturer."

"Of what?"

"Machines."

"Are you doing a good business?"

"Well, I have never really made but one machine, but that is a dandy."

"Where do you reside?"

"In the hearts and pocketbooks of the New York State Legislature."

"But you have also been to Washington?"

"Oh, yes, when the Senate is undergoing its annual disturbance."

"And which do you prefer, Albany or Washington?"

"Oh, Albany. I'm nearer the Governor."

"What is your favorite flower?"

"The golden rod."

"If you had to live your life over again, would you do any different?"

"Well, I think I might have gotten more out of Teddy."

"Who else would you rather be if you could?"

"Mark Hanna. He has a larger field."

"Enough, Mr. Platt. You're a star member."

### Reville Your Enemy.

WHO is lying?

Somebody, surely, and what an appalling lot of it is being done! For months we have been fed with a British spoon on shocking tales of Boer brutality and treachery. And now, in their recent proclamation, President Steyn and General De Wet tell us that the English "have not scrupled, contrary to the Geneva convention, to capture doctors and ambulances, and deport them in order to prevent our wounded from getting medical assistance; that they have been continually capturing women and children and old and sickly men; and that there have been many deaths among the women because the so-called Christian enemy had no consideration for women on a sick-bed, or whose state of health should have protected them against rough treatment. Honorable women and tender children have not only been treated roughly, but have been insulted by soldiers, by order of their officers."

Well, we really knew this already, but it is painful to receive it officially.

And when Steyn and De Wet tell us that the "alleged misuse of the white flag is simply a continuance of the everlasting calumny against which the Afrikaner has had to strive since the time God brought him into contact with the Englishman," they are merely telling us what every impartial human adult outside of England has known for a year.

So far as we can judge by the evidence presented, there is little doubt that for dull, persistent, vicious lying the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and his assistant have won the prize.

### Twentieth Century Episode!

FREDDIE (who has been brought up with a pianola, rushing frantically upstairs from the drawing-room): Oh! Mamma, mamma! There's a man downstairs playing the piano with his hands!"

### The Progress of the Seasons.

"JOHNNY," said the teacher, "can February March?"

"No," said Johnny, "but April May."



GRACIOUS!



MATTER OF DEGREE.

*She (to him):* PEOPLE SEEM ALWAYS TO BE THINKING OF YOUR MONEY? OF COURSE THEY ARE WHEN YOU HAVE SO VERY MUCH. IT'S NATURAL. HAVING FIVE MILLIONS, OR EVEN TEN, IS LIKE HAVING FRECKLES. IT'S AN IMPERTINENCE TO NOTICE IT. BUT WHEN YOU GET TO HAVE A HUNDRED MILLIONS, IT'S LIKE A TERRIBLE ERUPTION THAT STIRS PUBLIC SYMPATHY, SO THAT ANY ONE'S WARRANTED TO CRY, "POOR MAN! WHAT DO THE DOCTORS SAY?"

**SHE:** How dare you kiss me before asking!

**HE:** Don't you like occasionally to be surprised with a good thing?

**DOCTOR:** Do you exercise much?  
"I ride down to business every day in a Broadway car."

"Too violent. Try horseback riding."

A Woman's Club.

CHAIR installed,  
"Order!" called;

Hurried meetings,  
Whispered greetings.

Minutes read—  
"What was said?"

"Move, repeated!"  
"Please be seated!"

"Reports, if any?"  
"Some!" "How many?"

"Twenty-five."  
("Sakes alive!")

"What's your will?"  
"Defer 'em still!"

"That petition?"  
"Same condition

As before."  
("What a bore!")

"Power to build?"  
"Action killed

In committee."  
("What a pity!")

"Business, new?"  
"Yes; a few!

Ten resigned—  
Thirty fined."

"Causes, state?"  
"Can't!" "Too late!"

"Reasons, pray?"  
"The *matinée*!"

"Club dismissed!"  
Rivals kissed.

Business done:—  
Simply *none*!

T. D. Beasley.

"WHEN did the window blush?"  
"When it saw the weather strip."

LIFE would respectfully call the attention of his readers to the fact that the following rhymes are not acceptable at this office:

—bonnet  
—on it.  
—stupid  
—cupid.  
—pine  
—valentine.  
—fair  
—hair.



# THE DYSPEPTIC CANNIBAL.

A cannibal was seated on a green Pacific isle,  
With the temperature at ninety-nine degrees;  
His dress was rather scanty, in a truly savage style,  
Just a pair of Boston garters round his knees.

But he didn't seem quite happy, for now and then a  
groan  
Escaped—which tore his savage breast in two;  
And he chanted in a melancholy, meditative tone  
The ditty that I now repeat to you.

"I've eaten hostile tribesmen without a single question,  
I've feasted on the yellow, black and brown;  
But I never have encountered such a fit of indigestion  
As accompanied the minister from town.

"I have tried the Uambago, boiled and roasted, baked  
and fried;  
I have chewed the woolly Oolah stuffed with yam;  
But for all the after symptoms on the dishes I have  
tried  
I wouldn't give a Bamballooadam.

"But I caught this missionary calmly strolling on the  
main;  
Cooked and served him dressed exactly *comme  
il faut*.  
But a feeling deep within me, makes it disagreeably  
plain  
That the missionary surely is *de trop*.

"I have eaten hostile tribesmen with the greatest of  
urbanity;  
I have feasted on the yellow, black and brown.  
But to eat a missionary was the acme of insanity.  
You can't keep a good man down." — *Yale Record*.

"AND now, darling, it only remains for you to say  
when—"

But at this moment the automobile, which had reached  
the top of the hill, started down the other side with frightful  
velocity.

The young man hastily applied the brake.

It failed to work.

He shut off the power.

It was too late.

The maddened machine raced down the steep grade.

At the foot of the incline there was a sharp turn to  
the left.

Here the automobile left the turnpike and ran down the  
embankment, throwing the young couple out and landing  
them in a big pile of sand.

"Never mind, darling," exclaimed the youth, who, with  
hat gone, collar loose at the end, and coat ripped up the back,  
was presently engaged in digging sand out of the hysterical  
maiden's mouth, "this is one time that the course of true  
love ran smooth, even if it did get a bit of a jolt at the end  
of the run."

"Cyrus Winterbottom," she said, half an hour later, as  
they were journeying toward home in a farmer's wagon, "I  
believe you did the whole thing on purpose so you could  
have the chance of saying something smart."

— *Boston Journal*.

THE Colonel occasionally broke forth in language not  
exactly suited to the drawing-room. The Colonel was well  
on in the fifties and had not married. Not that he couldn't,  
he was wont to explain, but because so few women struck  
his fancy.

One evening the Colonel attended a little "at home,"  
and taking the hostess, a very dear friend of his, aside,

poured into her ear the story of his rejection by a charming  
young woman whom he had asked to be his wife. The  
hostess thought the Colonel needed sympathy, and, beckoning  
a charming dinner companion to her, said:

"Colonel — has been telling me that he has not been  
fortunate in winning the hand of Miss —. Now, I think  
the Colonel ought to remember the old adage: 'There are  
just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.'"

"Yes, madam, lots of fish, but there are so—few mer-  
maids," interrupted the Colonel.— *New York Evening Sun*.

In a Western Massachusetts town lived a young woman  
who is blessed with both discrimination and tact.

The first of these admirable qualities she has displayed  
by her two marriages. Her first husband was a minister—a  
most delightful man; he died, and after a lapse of five or six  
years she was united to his only brother, who was a success-  
ful lawyer in New York.

On her library desk stands a picture of the first partner  
of her joys and sorrows, and one day a curious caller asked  
whom the photograph represented.

"That," said the hostess, with evident emotion, "is a  
picture of my husband's brother, who died eight years ago,  
and who was very dear to us both." — *Youth's Companion*.

"Who is that distinguished-looking man over there with  
the worried expression on his face?"

"That's Colonel Timms. He's our richest citizen. He's  
also a trustee of our local college."

"But why does he look so careworn and anxious?"

"Because he's in a constant worry for fear John D.  
Rockefeller will give the college a big wad of cash on con-  
dition that the trustees raise as much more!"

— *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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WHEN youthful May was to the altar led  
By wealthy old December, every friend  
Declared that wisely had the maiden wed.  
They thought his means had justified her end.  
— *Chicago Record.*

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"I am writing my resignation," replied the professor of something or other in the proprietary university.

"What are you doing that for?"

"Because I am going to make a speech this evening in which I shall probably express an independent opinion."

— *Chicago Tribune.*

THEODORE: He went so far as to call me a puppy!

HARRIET: And at your age! The idea!

— *Boston Transcript.*

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SHE was trembling like a startled fawn:

"Papa," she faltered, "is furious because you kissed me at parting, last night!"

"How comes he to know of it?" demanded the youth, paling.

"Oh, as luck would have it, he read the society news in the *Bulletin* and *Examiner* this morning!" exclaimed the distraught girl, her voice sinking to a terrified whisper.

— *Exchange.*

### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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TOURIST (to roadside country urchin): Ah, my little man! How brown and hearty you look. I suppose you get up every morning and drive the cows to water.

URCHIN: Don't have to, sir.

"Why don't you have to, my lad?"

"Cause, after milkin' the cows we drive the cans to water." — *Boston Courier.*

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"I SEE it is maintained by some people that miracles still occur."

"So they do. One happened at our house last night. My wife discovered, after it was too late to do any ordering, that we didn't have a thing in the way of refreshments around the house—and nobody called." — *Chicago Times-Herald.*

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THE painter Makart, who was sometimes as taciturn as Von Moltke, sat for an hour one evening at dinner next to the soubrette, Josephine Galmeyer, without volunteering a word. Finally she lost patience, and exclaimed:

"Well, dear master, suppose we change the subject."

— *Argonaut.*

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